

13.  
O D E

T O

His Grace the D--- of B-----,

On a Late

Very particular ADDRESS,

FROM THE

KINGDOM of IRELAND;

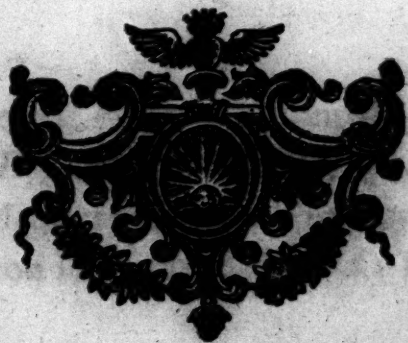
Being an Allusion to the Tenth ODE of the Second  
Book of *Horace*, &c.

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*Fuimus!* —

VIRGIL.

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DUBLIN: Printed.

LONDON: Re-printed for J. SCOTT, at the *Black Swan*, *Pater-*  
*noster Row*, and W. TAYLOR, opposite the *Opera-House*.

MDCCLVIII.

[Price Six Pence.]

O D E

T O

His Grace the D-- of B--

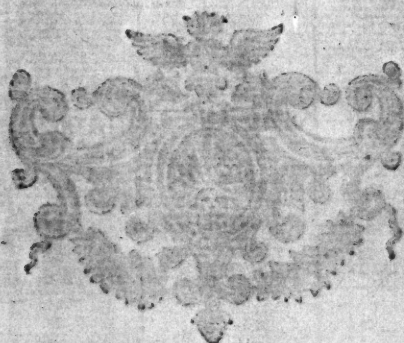
On a Line

Very particular ADDRESS

FROM THE

KINGDOM of IRELAND

Being an Allusion to the Tenth ODE of the Second  
Book of Horace, &c.



Printed by J. B. Smith, at the  
Printers Office, in St. Pauls Church-yard,  
London.



VI

O D E

TO

His Grace the D--- of B---, &c.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

IV

GREAT B<sup>edford</sup>'s Duke --- fair W<sup>or</sup> B<sup>ur</sup>'s Lord ---  
Puissant Prince --- and Wealthy Peer:  
From Pomp one little Hour afford,  
And, tho' a Mighty King! Give Ear.

II

'Give Ear, Theatric King of Trumps!  
But not to R---b---'s Idle Voice; *Richard Rigby Esq*  
He'll be the Means of heartier Trumps, *Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant*  
Than e'er you felt from Litchfield's Boys.

III

To Horace, due Attention pay!  
Or to his very dull Translator:  
The Proof's in Point --- as Lawyers say  
On Our's, or your, side of the Water;

IV.

~~To Live, at Ease, with Regal Pow'r,~~  
Suppose your Isle, for once, a Ship!  
Keep not too close along the Shore;  
Nor, rashly, venture out too Deep.

V.

Fearful of Storms you'll run aground,  
Or dash your Vessel on the Rocks;  
And, if on longer Voyage bound,  
Founder at Sea—— like Master F——x.

VI.

The Golden Mean to hit a-right,  
Requires; almost, Ætherial Skill;  
*Stanhope!* with all his Main and Might,  
Try'd it, in Vain——and had his Fill!

VII.

Full oft' he wish'd his Coach and Eight  
Had been an *English* One-Horse Chair;  
Great Guns may Rattle, Drums may beat——  
And Trumpets sound, and *Faboos* stare!

VIII.

But if the Mind is ill at Ease,  
Ah! what avails this Idle Shew?  
Contempt is, often, Power's Disease;  
And Senates, while they laugh, can bow.

IX.



## VIX.

Outward Respect's the Courtier's Trade;  
*Irish, or English*—Just the Same;  
 And while your Pleasure is Parade,  
 Their's is, perhaps, to blast your Fame.

## X.

At *W—b—n's* Abbey, soon, you'll wish,  
 Yourself—as will your *Queen*—And why?  
 In vain, we find, she counts her *Fish*,  
 While they have other *Fish* to fry!

## XVI.

*Dublin's* own Self, and *Ireland* too,  
 She thought, like you, was Pleasure all.  
 But *C—°—x* has other Game in View,  
 Than Dance and Song—or Castle Ball.

## XVII.

All is not Gold, we find, that glitters;  
 In Private, or in Public Life:  
 Malice e'en Monarch's Quiet blisters,  
 And Thrones grow hard from Party Strife.

## XIII.

Two Vessels, freighted well with Corn,  
 Was sure a popular Intention;  
 And, had my *Lady* ne'er been born,  
 Who gain'd from you the *Royal Pension*.

## XIV.

Addresses, still, would be your Due;  
 From many an *Irish* Corporation;  
 Nay, tho' they came from *Killaloo*,  
 And strongly favour'd of the Nation's

## XV.

Yet, still, Applause is very sweet,  
 And *Kind* Addresses welcome Things:  
 But, now, in vain your Grace may treat,  
 Or think to Humm your *Connaught* Kings.

## XVI.

Cunning enough they smoke the Bait,  
 And shun the Hooks of *Dublin's* Court;  
 C—x\* smiles at ev'ry *Vice-Roy's* State,  
 And makes their Tinsel Throne his Sport.

## XVII.

Already you perceive, my Lord!  
 The Plagues that must attend a Crown:  
 And *Horace*, if you'll take his Word,  
 Proves it, by Simile, your own.

## XVIII.

The Pine, says he, is oft ner shook  
 By Storms of unrelenting Skies,  
 Than the low Willow near the Brook,  
 Which ev'ry Season's Rage defies.



XXIX.

Your lofty Towers, if once they fall,  
Great is the Fall thereof, we know:  
High Mountains feel the Lightning's Ball,  
While little Hills escape the Blow.

XX.

But, tho' at *Dublin's* Castle, now,—  
Some gloomy Clouds, may, Chance, appear;  
The Sun may once more smooth his Brow,  
And all, again, be bright and clear.

XXI.

A Royal Band of *Phœbus*\* Sons  
Attend your Nod—and wait your call:  
Bid them strike up *The Lad's a Dunc*†  
To cheer your Mind—and sooth your Fall.

XXII.

Yet, to be serious, Good my Lord!  
Bravely, from Party, bear Rebuke:  
Nor let them see their idle Word  
Can ruffle *B—d's* Potent Duke.

XXIII.

Yet should gay Days again return;  
And kind Prosperity, but smile!  
Draw in your Sails—in secret, burn---  
But ne'er, in Public, damn *the Isle*.

\* There is a Band of Music in *Dublin* to attend the L—d L—t.

† The Name of an *Irish* Country Dance.

XXIV.

XXIV.

For Ireland, is the Land of Treason, if Your lofty Towers,  
Milesian Blood runs thro' their Veins: is the Great is the  
Swords they can push and Pistol fire: High Mountains  
Stand a Point-blank nor, fear their Brains. While

XXV.

More wou'd I add—~~from~~ ~~Adieu~~, too, at  
But must attend a Lady's Summons! Some gloomy  
Adieu! Puissant Prince—Adieu! The sun may once  
And may your Grace and better Commons. And all

XXI.

A Royal Band of Robbers, Sons of Ignominy  
Attend your Rod—and wait your call:  
Bid them strike up the Lord's a Dance!  
To cheer your Mirth—and loath your Fall.

XXII.

Yet to be serious, Good my Lord,  
Excess, from Party, bear Repulse:  
Not let them frighten you with  
Can rattle B— a Potent Duke.

XXIII.

Yet should gay Days again return;  
And kind Prosperity, but smile!  
Draw in your Sails—in secret burn—  
But never, in Public, damn the Joke.

XXIV.

† The Name of an Irish Country Dance.